

5th MARCH
1988

Dirk

No. 53

30p

MEET
PETE and HIS PIMPLE
INSIDE!

HEY, READER!
Are You plagued by
pimples, acne, & boils?
(TOUGH LUCK, SPOTTY!)

EVERY FRIDAY

AUSTRALIA \$1.00
NEW ZEALAND \$1.20
(inc. G.S.T.)
MALAYSIA \$1.90.

OOER!!
THIS ZANY ZIT ON MY NOSE
IS GROWING SO HUGE, IT'S
SQUEEZING EVERYTHING
ELSE OFF THE COVER!

LEW STRINGER

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR A DEFINITELY DIFFERENT HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE... COME TO

OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

JEWEL OF THE YORKSHIRE RIVERA.

Places always available in the local GIB SPATINS Holiday Camp. Regular "Septic Tanker" trips are taken just 2½ hours. Campsites, and get away from it all, are available for competition. Our chid found to work on the site of the old gas works, cooked in the same oil that he used there as he had been a cook. The men have reluctantly re-fitted after last year's accident, and "Boobie" Starlight is no longer on the menu.

Top Class Variety Acts are the hallmark of Outlet Theatres. Gobby Davies will be in Outlet for just over a day, with the Radio Won Readies, and the Radio Won Wags, for just 2 days when he won't be here, so don't let that stop you coming.

More than 2 yards of "rockery" we have outline planning permission for an amusement area.

Outlet is steeped in tradition. Our rustic "rockery", "rockery", "rockery", have a quiet atmosphere, and a quiet atmosphere. Don't forget your cameras - or a pair of binoculars.

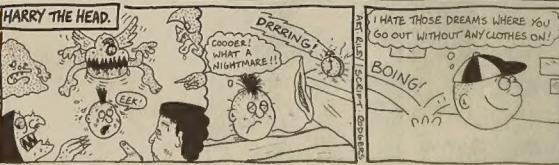
There's always plenty to do at Outlet. You can go for a walk and a paddle, take a pedalo trip round the wreck of the mudhut, or even go white water surfing on the South bank. (A 1000 ft. long wave, with purple water surfing past the chemical works.)

There's something for everyone at

OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

(But you can usually get an injection for it)

Send for our full colour 16-page brochure. The address is: GIB SPATINS Holiday Camp, Developers' Podiat, Outlet-by-the-Sea, (near M6, Jct 2) Backbarter, Yorksire.

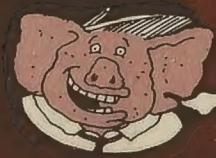


CUT-OUT DEAD FRED MASK!

Scare the pants off your pals! Make your friends' flesh creep with this dead good 'Dead Fred' mask!



STEP 1 - STICK ONTO THIN CARD.
STEP 2 - CUT AROUND DOTTED LINES.
STEP 3 - MAKE HOLES IN CHEEKS AND
PUSH STRING THROUGH.
STEP 4 - PUT ON MASK, THICKO !!!!!





ian mccaskill the truth

i recently interviewed weatherman and true
star ian maccaskill for my saturday slot
on b6s radio 2. i asked ian "do you
use a flash on your camera when you
take the satellite picture?" to which
ian replied "i don't think you're quite
getting this frank" and he went onto
reveal that it is not even his satellite
but one he borrows from them americans!



little frank. ian mccaskill.

on McCaskill.

coronation st. studios kevin and silvia split up



"i've had enough"

Kevin tells Frank "scoop" bottom.
yes oink readers, it is true ... i can
now reveal that Soap weds Kevin and
Sally webster split up last week.
kevin and sally (the streets' soapy
snogging couple) were on a shopping
trip when the split happened. Kevin
wanted to try on foot ball boots while
Sally wanted to try on a blouse.
so they decided to split up
and meet up later after they had
done all of their shopping.

i recently spoke to kevin at piccadilly radio. where we were both guests on the same show. i asked him "do you want another cup of tea from the machine?" to which the webster with the moustache replied...."no thanks...i've had enough!"

frank's show-big diary

Saturday 5th march i'm on bbc radio 2 at 10.30am with altrincham fc vs cheltenham town, i'm on the pitch with the bustars unit, down at covent garden, then i'm on the radio 1 city between 9-10am till 11am. radio imperial linked up with the mike wadding show on t.f.m. i support jessonathan richman at a night-time concert at the town and country club, 7pm, then i'm popping up on the radio in my tuesday 8th march radio 1 slot, link up, possibly rest of week: work on my robot in my shed.

attention pop stars with moustaches i.e. freddie mercury... and also ones without like paul and linda mccartney... and inbetween is. midge ure, i am willing to pay 10p in new money if you will do an interview for "oink". 061-964-1909

BE A HIP HOG WITH THIS SWILL SWEAT SHIRT!

GET SWEATY!

GET SHIRTY!

GET THIS
SWEATY
SHIRTY!



Yo! Hip Hogs! Get smart with this swine-ishy stylish sweat-shirt. Splashed in porky-pink with the 'designer' Oink logo, it's the latest piggy perfect. For cool lads, cats, dogs, hamsters or any other pets you want to buy one for! This exclusive item cannot be bought elsewhere, so raid your piggy banks and send your money along in a stamped addressed envelope to me at:

SWEAT-SHIRT OFFER,
OINK! CLUB,
99, CHURCH STREET,
TEWKSBURY,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
GL20 5RS.

PRICES

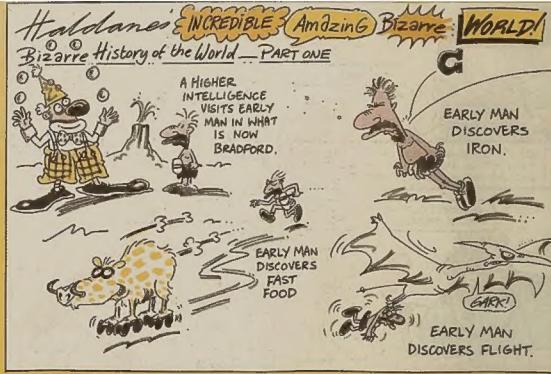
Adults: £14.99 (£13.99 for Pig Pack members)
Children: £10.99 (£9.99 for Pig Pack members)

* FEE FOR
POSTAGE
AND
PACKAGING
EXCLUDED.

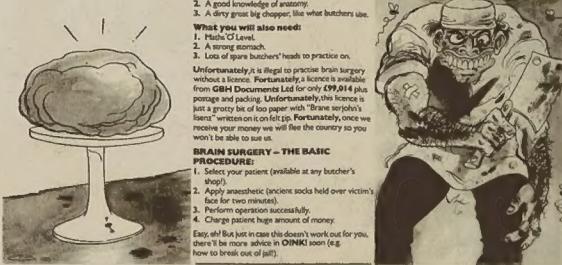
Name _____
Address _____
Number of shirts required
Childrens _____ Adults _____
State chest size -
Childrens 28" or 32"
Adults 36" 40" or 44"
State if Pig Pack member (Yes or No)
If yes, state membership number _____
State whether cheque or postal order
Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to 'The Oink! Club'.
Amount enclosed _____

Uncle Pigg regrets that this offer is not available to readers in Eire and overseas.





CAREERS ADVICE FROM THE GBH ADVISORY SERVICE SO YOU WANNA BE... A BRAIN SURGEON?



Billy the Pig





TWITTY TWITTY BANG BANG • THE MAGICAL CAR

By Ian Fleming

Once upon a time there was a family called Potty. They were: Commander Potty, who was an inventor; his wife Lotty, and a pair of twins: Doris, who everybody called Dorit, and Boris, who everybody called Boris.

Now every morning, Commander Potty would vanish into his workshop, and every evening he would emerge after much hammering and clattering, with a new invention—like clockwork underpants, or roller-skates with fish sharpened to them instead of wheels, or devices for sharpening meat.

No surprisingly, Commander Potty's inventions were not very successful, and his neighbours would call him "Commander Crackpot" or "that gibbering loony at no. 37". Sometimes Dorit and Boris would wonder why he didn't get himself a proper job or go on the dole like any normal father, but they never said anything.

One day, whilst trying to invent a string frying pan, Commander Potty accidentally made some small, round sweets, which he thought were delicious. Now they tasted just like ordinary boiled sweets until the children blew on them, and found that they could play a whistly tune because the sweets had rotated holes in all their teethy tune because

Commander Potty took his invention to a huge, multi-national confectionery company, who gave him a handful of loose change, told him to sign at the bottom of a large page of very small print, and then threatened to thump him unless he left the premises immediately.

No, Commander Potty didn't really afford it, but he was feeling pleased with himself at having sold an invention, and he decided to buy a motor car. He went to an old tumble-down garage, and he saw an old tumble-down car in the corner. It had big, sad foglights, and the leopard-skin seat covers were all ripped. But the garage owner said it had been owned by a little old lady, and there was something honest about his gold teeth and sheepskin jacket, so Commander Potty bought the car and had it towed to his workshop.

Commander Potty worked on the car all day and all night for the next three months. The lights were always on in his workshop, smoke billowing from his little chimney, and there were always hammering and sawing sounds, so the neighbours had the noise abatement people and the smokeless zone people round, and had Commander Potty arrested.

Eventually, however, the car was ready, and Commander Potty wheeled it out of his workshop. The paintwork was polished and gleaming, the chrome glistened in the sun. The great nine-cylinder 14-horse engine chugged away under the long bonnet, and glorious clouds of blue smoke billowed out of the huge fiftail exhausts, choking the cat and killing all the plants in Lotty's vegetable garden. Everyone gasped in admiration.

"Come on, everyone," said Commander Potty. "Let's take her out for a spin!" However, there were so many roadworks on the motorway, that the wonderful car was caught up in traffic jams for mile after mile. Boris noticed a light glowing on the end of one of the knobs on the dashboard. "Pull me" it said.

Now, Commander Potty didn't know what the knob was for, but he pulled it all the same... and do you know what happened? The car was still stuck in the traffic jam, the knob broke off in his hand. But then something strange began to happen. The mudguards turned outwards and became wings, and the radiator hinged down to reveal a huge propeller on the front of the car. Sure enough... the car had become... an AEROPLANE!



The Pottys soared into the air above all the traffic jams, and headed out towards the coast at last, and at the nearby Radar early warning station, a bright red light started flashing on a screen, and a couple of heat-seeking missiles were launched.

"What a magical car this is," said Commander Potty. "We really ought to have a name for it."

"But what should we call it?" wondered Lotty.

"Lotty?" said Commander Potty. "The car is called us!" And sure enough, when they listened to the exhaust note, they could hear the magical car telling them its name.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said the magical car.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said Commander Potty.

"Bang! Bang!" said the missiles.

Next week—Commander Potty invents a parachute made out of a car seat, and Lotty, Dorit, and Boris learn all about hospital food.

THE END.

frank sidebottom's more ace than little frank's competition!

hello 'oink' readers... frank here!
now; ...back in issue 51, little frank
ran a bobbins competition... so i have
now done a "more ace than little frank's
competition" which is much more ace!
all you have to do is spot the difference
between photo a and photo b, then write
your funniest answer on a postcard and
send it to—"frank's more ace comp",
oink, p.o.box 35, hyde, sk14 5nb, u.k.



and the 10 entries
that make me laugh
most will win one of
my "fantastic tales"
cassettes with an
hour's worth of...
"fantastic tales"



HORACE (ugly face) WATKINS

FOUR OF THE VERY CLEVEREST DOCTORS GATHERED AROUND A VERY UNUSUAL PATIENT...

